

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Ten thousand men, mostly from Jamaica, are at work upon the Panama Canal.

It has been decided by the Austrian railway administration to employ women as guards on the same terms as men.

With the exception of a few years, Madagascar's rulers since 1828 have been women. A niece of the late Queen has just succeeded her to the throne, and makes the fifth Queen since that year, and the fourth in an unbroken line.

The Shah of Persia has a way of managing horse-races that is peculiar, at least. The competitors all deposit the entrance money with his Majesty, and when the race is finished the Shah confiscates the winning horse and keeps the entrance money. Pool-selling is not practiced in that enlightened part of creation.

Among the victims of Casamicciola were a Signor and Signora Bonavita, who left property worth \$1,000,000, to which there is no direct heir. Their relatives, in order to determine the succession, have petitioned to have their bodies disinterred, that by an examination of the external injuries it may be ascertained, if possible, who died first.

A circus man in Europe has a new way of raising money. He raffles off his African lion at each town he visits. In this style of raffle the victim is the unfortunate winner. "Take your lion," says the honest circus man as he goes to open the cage. The crowd stampedes. The unlucky owner, who finds he can not buy the cage, generally pays the circus man to keep the brute.

The conversion to Christianity of the Queen of Madagascar, who lately died, is said to have been entirely accidental. She chanced to find an old Bible around the palace and began to read and study it, ending in adopting the faith and making bold war upon idolatry. Under her rule the country took rapid strides forward in education and all kinds of progress.

The youngest son of one of the first families of Schleswig-Holstein made a visit to Monaco. He had a large sum of money with him at the time, but he lost it at roulette. Telegraphing home for more, he received it and played again, but lost all he had. He then lost his watch, his studs and his rings, and tried to borrow 500 francs to pay his hotel bill. Being a stranger he could not do this, and out of shame for his failure, and out of reluctance to ask for more money from his family and explain the situation to it, he shot himself.

Labouchere tells the following story of his earliest visit to Aix-les-Bains: "I remember arriving there when I was about seventeen. I sat down at the gaming-table, and in half an hour I won £400 or £500. An official then told me that the Commissary of Police wished to speak to me. On being introduced into the den of this official he asked me whether, as I evidently was a minor, I had the written permission of my parents to gamble. I said that they had not furnished me with such a document, so he told me that I could not be allowed to play. This excellent man probably saved me a good deal of money, for I left with my booty instead of returning to the tables."

Magical Roots and Herbs.

A house with four gables, each one of which seemed to lean for consolation and support against the telegraph poles that had sprung up beneath them. Windows whose long service had apparently deprived them of usefulness, for their dingy, unpainted blinds were tightly closed and bound with faded green muslin. A sign, which bore the legend, "Herbs Sold Here," and a row of dingy window-panes, through which could be discerned bunches of parti-colored leaves, that resembled nothing more than the war-torn faces of some sanguinary Indian who had fought and bled, but who had conquered his enemy. Within, in strange contrast with the accumulation of dust, stood a young man whose hair cast a lurid glow over the piles of boxes that reached the ceiling, filled, if the labels on them could be trusted, with cures for every ill that human flesh is heir to, as well as a large variety of others, and with powders and potions whose presence in an active stomach would make death a welcome relief. Across the counter stood a colored woman, whose avoirdupois could only be correctly determined by hay-scales. There was an eager look in her eyes; and with one hand clutching with convulsive energy a dollar bill, and the other stretched like a signal-service storm map on the counter, she whispered in the most accessible ear of the youth:

"Gimme some Adam and Eve."

It was done, and the money changed its owner. The colored woman vanished amid the thunder of her tread, and the clerk sank behind the counter with a flash of his lurid locks.

A Tribune reporter asked the clerk what the woman meant. He was enlightened as follows:

"We have colored men and women call here every day and ask for 'Adam and Eve.' It is a root found in New Jersey swamps, and is supposed to bring the best fortune to its owner. We charge one dollar for a single root. Here is one of them." The reporter was shown a small, light-colored root, resembling in fiber the peanut-root. From a slender stem bulged two protuberances of unequal size. "The small bulb," continued the clerk, "is Adam; the larger, Eve. Colored people put the roots in a bottle and then pour a pint of whisky over them; if they swell there is luck in them, and they are cherished for years as their most valuable possession. I have known negroes to commit suicide because they had lost their 'Adam and Eve.' A colored man came in here a few days ago and told me that he had been to Philadelphia and that he had made over a hundred dollars at cards. On his way back on the train he had got drunk by imbibing the whisky in his 'Adam and Eve' bottle, and in a fit of frenzy had thrown his charm away. He said his money was stolen from him before he arrived in Jersey City, and he spent a week hunting over the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railway for his lost 'Adam and Eve.' I sold him another."

"The superstition about the four-leaved clover is well known. We have them for sale here, and have a good trade for them. They can be bought for \$5 each. Some persons who have found a four-leaved clover would, I believe, rather part with their lives than with their tiny plant, for it brings destruction on the fortunes of a man if he loses his quatrefoil."

"There is a root that is known among colored people as the 'dead-root.' It is very small, shaped somewhat like a carrot, but forked. The more forks it has the more powerful it is. The peculiar virtue of the 'dead-root' is that it not alone prevents death by violence, but drives away the evil spirits that are supposed to hover about the remains of a worldly negro after death. Wherever you meet with a colored man of reckless daring you may depend upon it that he has a 'dead-root' hung about his neck. It is necessary, however, to make these fetiches powerful, that no person should know that you are the possessor of one, for such is the faith the negro has in their virtue, that if any man is supposed to have one of extraordinary efficacy, he would be in danger of robbery if not of murder. Beside the root that I have spoken about, there are many others that have special virtues. The snake-root will cure snake-bites; never poisonous they may be, and the 'devil-root' is supposed to prevent delirium tremens."

"These superstitions are not confined to the negroes by any means. We have white customers as well, but of course their number is small. It is true that the colored people who come here to buy the 'charmed roots' belong to the most ignorant portion of their race, but there seems to be a grain of the most senseless superstition inherent in the negro that is found in the members of no other race. The herb business is not now what it used to be. In fact, it has decreased one-half in the last five years. While the treatment with herbs is still regarded as good, the science of pharmacy has become such that only the active principle of the herb is used instead of the plant itself. Our stock is gathered in New Jersey and Long Island, by persons who make her picking a regular business. The plants are dried and packed there, and are sent to us in bales. Of course, we are obliged to depend to a great extent on the knowledge of the herb-gatherers, but they are trained from their childhood to make a proper selection, and their training seldom leads them astray. Herbs and roots are sent to us from all parts of the country, as there are some plants with medicinal properties that cannot be found in our vicinity. But it is rare indeed that a herb is sent to us from over the seas. It is safe to say that there is not a plant that grows which is valuable in medicine that cannot be found within the boundaries of our country."—N. Y. Tribune.

Ecuador.

With regard to the climate the rainy season generally runs from December to June, the remaining months being dry; but on the Amazon slope it rains all the year round. As to the influence of the climate on man there are vast healthy districts in the river valleys of the Amazon region, while those of the Pacific shore are commonly full of disease. Special disorders are chiefly due to the lack of sanitary measures. In the west and northwestern parts the abuse of sweets as food results in a curious and frightful intestinal complaint. The country is now, and will, in all probability remain, almost wholly agricultural, the Pacific coast and river valleys of both east and west yielding generous crops of cacao, cotton, sugar cane, rice, tobacco and tropical fruits; while the inter-Andean plateau produces all the cereals and vegetables incident to a temperate and even cold climate, though they are of inferior quality. No hope of the Republic ever being an exporter of cereals is held out, and cattle do not thrive in the Amazon section, chiefly from the immense number of bats, which bleed or otherwise irritate them. Cinchona bark, which first came from the province of Loja, is being so rapidly cut and sent out of the country without new planting that the supply must soon cease; and Colonel Church attributes this to the fact that the highest official sanction is given to this destructive measure for private emolument. In mineral wealth Ecuador is poor. The population is estimated at 1,000,000 (exclusive of savage tribes), and is distributed as follows: White, 100,000; mixed, 300,000; pure Indian, 600,000. The chief qualities of the mixed races are condemned as the source of the degradation of the country. Internal communications are much needed in Ecuador, and although Colonel Church is personally interested in the construction of future railroads, he expresses his strong opinion that for the next ten or twenty years a thorough system of first-class mule routes would undoubtedly be the best for Ecuador.—London Times.

Proposed Tax on Foreigners in Paris.

The foreign invasion of France, and especially of Paris, which has been going on without intermission since the war, has led to the suggestion of a "tax upon strangers." The proposed tax has found a good deal of favor with many of the French papers, and a member of the Chamber has written a pamphlet putting the case in a very alluring form. The tax, he says, would hurt neither trade nor agriculture, while it might be made to yield \$5,000,000 or 40,000,000 of francs, as much, in fact, as the conversion of the rentes. But M. Francisque Sarcey has stated the case against the tax with at least equal skill. As for the foreign workmen who could never get your tax from them, and in the case of rich strangers the impost would be a piece of very bad policy. A proposal was made under the Empire to make a charge to all foreigners for visiting any public galleries or places of entertainment; but although such a charge would have been perfectly just, the Emperor's Ministers had the good sense to see that it was not expedient. People "spend in Paris what they save at home," and the policy of the Government should (according to M. Sarcey) be that of the hotel keeper, who is supposed to lose on his accommodation, but gains from what his visitors spend on wine.—Pall Mall Gazette.

There Must and Shall Be a Change.

For the past ten years the people have wanted to change the Administration. For that length of time they have been weary of Republican misrule and desirous of getting rid of it. Why have they been unable to do so?

In 1872 the Democrats committed the blunder of nominating Horace Greeley for President. At that time the country would gladly have released itself from Grantism, but the opposition was speedily seen to be farcical. The election was carried by the Republicans by default. The popular vote for Grant was 3,997,000, and for Greeley 2,834,000. The Democrats refrained from voting. This is shown by the fact that in the next election at which the opposition to Republicanism could show its strength—the Congressional election of 1874—the Democrats elected nearly two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives.

After 1872 came the Congressional elections of 1874, 1876, 1878, 1880 and 1882; and the Presidential elections of 1876 and 1880.

In all of these the people expressed their determination that the Republicans should yield up the power they had wielded so long, and that there should be a change.

In 1874 the people elected a Democratic House of Representatives. It was all they could then do towards a change.

In 1876 the people elected Mr. Tilden President over Hayes by a popular majority of 250,000. They then as they supposed, secured a change.

In 1876 the people also elected a Democratic House of Representatives to support their Democratic President.

Mr. Tilden was cheated out of the office—the Presidency was stolen for Hayes, and the will of the people was defeated.

In 1878, on the heels of the Presidential fraud, the people again elected a Democratic House of Representatives. They determined that there should be a change.

Then came 1880, when the Republicans purchased the Presidency they had stolen four years before and defeated General Hancock and the will of the people by the power of "corruption and new two-dollar and five-dollar bills," which fell like a shower from heaven.

In 1882 the people once more swept away the Republican spoilsman and elected a Democratic House of Representatives. They again demanded a change.

What will the people do in 1884? They will set the stamp of reprobation on the party which has confessed to the purchase of the Presidency in 1884, which assassinated Garfield, which has plundered the Treasury through bogus prosecutions, and kept all its public thieves out of the penitentiary. The people will again demand a change, as they did in 1874, in 1876, in 1878 and in 1882; as they would have done in 1880 but for the heavenly shower from the Star-route clouds. The question is, can they get the change they want?

Will the oligarchy maintain its prescriptive right to office growing out of long possession and again defy the popular will? Having stolen power in 1876 and purchased power in 1880, will they peacefully yield power in 1884? Do we still enjoy a republican form of Government?

Every citizen of the United States is interested in deciding now and forever whether the people rule, or whether the Republican party rules and shall indefinitely continue itself in office. Every citizen is interested in uniting with the Democrats in the cry: "There must and shall be a change."—N. Y. World.

What Is Afoot in the South?

There is evidently a disposition upon the part of the Department of the Interior to depart from the office in the Post-office Department to have the people believe that President Arthur has turned over a new leaf and will have the department run in the interest of the people instead of the whims and caprices of the politicians. They speak as though the injunction of the New York Sun to "turn the rascals out" will be obeyed. There are those who believe that Arthur has nothing to do with it, and that he is too shrewd a politician to engage in anything of the kind. Now that he has got through fishing, maybe he will find time to rise and explain. The Postmaster-General would hardly have assumed so much authority without the knowledge and approval of the President, and those who have been left out in the cold might as well make up their minds to go to work to defeat him in the next election. Government officials are not brutes to be kicked and cuffed about like so many dogs, and the party that will sustain an Administration that will allow it should be told "to go." Up to this time the postmaster in this city has no idea why he was removed, nor has he any explanation to give him. All reasons for it are withheld by the department, and the last words said to him by Mr. Lamson, the Inspector, were: "You and your office are all right." Yet but a few days elapse and he is unceremoniously removed, even without a minute's notification.

The truth is, the Republican party has been so long in power until the Administration treats all subordinates as menials. If any cause for this existed it would be a different thing, but to send men through the country and throw business men out of employment without ceremony is more than the people will quietly submit to, and such proceedings will drive every decent man out of the party. That there is some great political move on foot in the South we have no question. It is hardly probable that Arthur and his gang would suddenly become so exceedingly virtuous as to attempt to please the people of the South rather than his pets in politics. It may be that the reduction of the federal forces in the post-offices will help to swell the coffers of the campaign fund—a thing needed by the party. It is a matter of common information that since the civil war a vast majority of the foreign vote has gone to the Republican party. Is this element of the population of the United States more devoted to liberty and progress than native white Americans? No intelligent foreigner would himself set up such a claim. It is entirely within bounds to say that without the negro vote neither Indiana nor Ohio would have been Republican in the last Presidential election. It is quite certain that of the native white voters of the United States, three-quarters are Democrats, and none but fanatical partisans would deny that this composed this homogeneous aggregation of citizens, to state their claims in the most moderate terms, are as capable and progressive and devoted to liberty as their heterogeneous Republican opponents.—St. Louis Republican.

Nitro-glycerine is often used as a medicine, under the name of glonoine.

Demands Upon Public Officers.

It may appear all right enough for public men to take some recreation now and then, for man needs rest and relief from the burdens and cares of life, and he is no less in need of it because he accepts the responsibilities of public office. But while this is true, it is also true that public office brings with it certain restrictions and sacrifices which they, who voluntarily assume such offices, must accept and abide by. Private employment means independence, and affords leisure and opportunity for every gratification which inclination and means may suggest and permit, but when a man accepts a public station he must surrender some of that personal and individual independence, and this is generally so understood by the people. He ceases, for the time being, to be master of his time and his pleasures, pursuits, and agrees to serve those who have honored him with public confidence. The public service is exacting, else the common good would be endangered by inattention and neglect. The people expect that men prominent in official station shall set examples of diligence and strict regard for the faithful discharge of public duties. The induction into office and the assumption of the powers that may pertain to it does not lift the person so selected above the people, nor make him a law unto himself or give him superior rights or privileges. He is still a servant of the people, responsible to them for his conduct, and the higher he is placed the more exacting are his duties and the more the people expect of him. It is, therefore, a matter of just criticism, whether the President and his Cabinet should embrace opportunities, which, persons, with a lively sense of duty to come, offer, for protracted leaves of absence from the seat of Government, thus setting examples of inattention to subordinates, and making easy the way to the neglect of public business. There can be no just excuse for this growing practice. It was not the custom in the past, and it ought not to become the custom now.

General Grant was largely responsible for this violation of official duty, and it has steadily grown worse ever since. The proper place at all times for the custodians of public interests is in this city. It is here they are expected to be found when the citizens have business to transact with them, and unless they are called away to other points by the discharge of official duty, here is where they ought to remain. This squares with the public sense of official duties and obligations; it is the rule of common sense, and it may be said to their great credit, it was the rule which Democratic Presidents lived up to. Old Hickory sharply rebuked one of his Secretaries for desiring to be absent for a longer period than the President thought proper; and, as he himself proclaimed what he preached in this particular, the Secretary in question had to admit the force of Jackson's objections. This good old custom has been badly broken into by recent Presidents and their confidential advisers, but if it shall be the good fortune of the people to have a Democrat for the next President, this custom of attending strictly to business will be restored again, and its good effect will be speedily seen in a more faithful public service and the more inviolable obedience of the people.—American Register.

A Specimen of Republican Checkiness.

The Republican leaders do not at any time hesitate to indulge freely in demagoguery and to solemnly put forward assumptions for facts. The address of the National Union League to the people is a specimen of the average checkiness of Republican pretension. "There is no section of the Republican party whose advent to power in the States and the Nation would be as disastrous to the best interests of the country as would that of the Democratic party. There is no shade of opinion held by any respectable number of Republicans in the United States that does not breathe the spirit of liberty, of progress and of good government in a fuller and better sense than the Democratic party. The Democratic party of to-day, Parkinson to all considerations of personal grandeur, is the advancement of reaction is the demand the country makes upon the Republican party to see to it that the reins of government be not wrested from its hands."

Who constitute this Republican party, the whole body of which is more enlightened and more patriotic than even the best elements of the Democratic party? Examine this supercilious statement and put the touchstone of truth to it for a moment so far as possible. At the last Presidential election the Republican party polled 4,449,053 votes, and the Democrats 4,442,035. At the election in 1876 the Democrats polled 4,284,757, and the Republicans 4,033,950. In the one election the Republicans had 7,078 majority, and in the other the Democrats had 250,807 majority. What elements constitute the vote of the two parties? There were in 1880, in round numbers, 50,000,000 people in the United States. Of these 42,700,000 were white and 6,500,000 colored. There were 5.4 persons to each voter. It is a truth which will not be disputed that the negroes voted with substantial unanimity with the Republicans. There were less than 8,000,000 white voters, of whom the Democrats surely got about 4,442,000 and the Republicans 3,558,000. Is the negro race, as it exists in this country, more capable and progressive than the whites? Such would seem to be the argument of this convoluted Republicanism. There were in the United States in 1880 6,500,000 foreigners, who furnished something like 1,200,000 voters. "It is a matter of common information that since the civil war a vast majority of the foreign vote has gone to the Republican party. Is this element of the population of the United States more devoted to liberty and progress than native white Americans? No intelligent foreigner would himself set up such a claim. It is entirely within bounds to say that without the negro vote neither Indiana nor Ohio would have been Republican in the last Presidential election. It is quite certain that of the native white voters of the United States, three-quarters are Democrats, and none but fanatical partisans would deny that this composed this homogeneous aggregation of citizens, to state their claims in the most moderate terms, are as capable and progressive and devoted to liberty as their heterogeneous Republican opponents.—St. Louis Republican.

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Nitro-glycerine is often used as a medicine, under the name of glonoine.

Our Young Folks.

OUR SKY.

I know of a dainty blue sky,
And it is the baby's blue eye;
And we watch it to see
What the weather will be;
But we never can tell if we try.

We catch a wee glimpse of the sun,
And think such a fine day is begun;
And every thing neat
And happy and sweet,
Already for frolic and fun.

The rainbows are here without doubt;
And the robins and roses come out;
And gay hobnobbing
And popples and pinks,
And buttercups skimming about.

The blue-bells are ringing a chime,
And the fairies come marching in time,
Mother Goose and the rest,
In their fine Sunday best,
And dance in a rollicking rhyme.

But lo, there's a storm in the sky!
Then how the wee fairies fly!
And Mother Goose rings
For umbrellas and things,
And tries hard to keep herself dry.

The birds and the blossoms look sad;
For they wore the best coats that they had;
To think such a shower
Should come up in an hour!
'Tis really, yes, really too bad!

But look! while they worry and fret
The clouds are all gone and the wet;
And the sky is as blue
And as innocent, too,
As if it had never rained yet.

So we can not tell if we try
The secret of this dainty blue sky;
But its smile or its frown
Turns the house upside down
For it is the baby's blue eye!

—Gladys W. Brownson, in N. Y. Independent.

HOW HE ESCAPED "CATCHING IT."

Jasper wished and wished and wished he hadn't done it. But you can't undo things that way, you know; the best way to do is not to do them. Perhaps that was about the way Jasper himself thought, now that it was too late, as, tired and anxious, ragged and grimy, he skulked along in the shadow toward home.

He was not very big nor very old, this boy Jasper, and it was getting pretty dark, and Jasper himself was getting uncommonly hungry. But, some way or other, he did not hurry home as fast as you might think he would, under these circumstances.

But then he had a good reason for not hurrying.

Ordinarily, he would have rushed home and into the house pell-mell, and vociferously announced to his mother that he was "hungry as a bear, and wanted something to eat." But you don't like to run in the cannon's mouth to get the ball.

And when Jasper got home to-night, he was pretty sure of getting something else besides something to eat. The truth is, he expected to "catch it" when he got home.

Perhaps you don't know what "catching it" is. Jasper did, perfectly well. He had had considerable experience in "catching it," but had never enjoyed it.

This was the reason why he felt so solemn this evening, and why he walked so slow, and why his feet felt so heavy as he walked.

But I must hurry and tell you what it was that Jasper had done, and now wished that he had not.

He had been to the fire, flatly disobeyed his mother, and scampered off right before her very eyes.

It was dreadful in Jasper; for, besides the disobedience of the thing, his mother was a nervous woman, and he should not have helped to make her more so. She had just been telling Mrs. Coleman that it would drive her to the verge of distraction to have her son running around between fire-engines, and under horses' hoofs, and beneath blazing embers the way those Warren boys did. And Jasper had heard her tell Mrs. Coleman this, too—or, at least, he could have heard if he had listened.

I am not sure, though, that he did listen, for, at the time, Mrs. Coleman and Jasper's mother and Jasper himself were all standing on the sidewalk, trying to make out where the fire was.

The fire-bells were ringing and the fire-engines were rushing by, and a crowd of men and boys were tearing along the road after the engine. So you can see there was considerable to take Jasper's attention away from what his mother was saying to Mrs. Coleman.

Another thing that may have attracted Jasper was his overwhelming desire to become a part of that moving mass of men and boys.

"Can't I go, mother?" he demanded, vehemently, clutching at his mother's dress. "I'll be sure and not get killed."

"No!" said his mother, with emphasis. "Let me catch you going, sir!"

But the excitement of the scene before him was too much for Jasper. It was perfectly maddening to have to stand there stock still, as though he hadn't any legs to run with, when everybody else—all the other boys, anyway—were running as fast as their legs would carry them.

Just here, a squad of little boys, about Jasper's own age, came screeching and yelling down the road in the rear of a tardy engine, and then—I really do not think Jasper could have been personally responsible for what he did—he took to his heels, joined the crowd of boys, and was lost to sight, all in just about one second.

And his mother was screaming after him:

"Come back here! Oh, you'll catch it!"

If it hadn't been that she had the baby in her arms, I believe she would have run along with the crowd herself in pursuit of this rebellious son of hers. But all this had happened several hours ago.

Jasper was not excited now, and his personal responsibility had all come back to him. It weighed him down—there was so much of it.

And the fire was all out, too. It had not been such a very great fire, anyway. There was so much smoke and so little blaze, and the firemen had been in such a hurry to put it out.

And then a little short fellow like Jasper did not have half a chance to see anything, with so many grown men in front of him.

It had not been at all a satisfactory fire, and then just think of having to come home in the end and "catching it!"

When he got into the yard he thought he would just see how the land lay before he ventured into the house. So he peeped into the dining-room window—and if there were not the folks just sitting down to a "piping hot" supper!

They had poached eggs and toast, and repentant Jasper, hanging on the window-sill, thought:

"How good poached eggs and toast do look when a fellow's been and run away to the fire, and don't dare go in when he's just a starving!"

And then he devoutly wished again that he hadn't gone to that fire.

Jasper was a great boy for wishing, you see; but if he had studied "Mother Goose," as thoroughly as I have done, he would know that:

"If wishes were horses,
Beggers might ride."

And that is only a poetical way of saying: There's no use in wishing.

Jasper looked on hungrily until he had seen the last egg disappear from the platter, and then he felt more hungry than ever. He noticed that his mother kept looking at the clock, and once he saw her lips say:

"I wonder why that boy don't come!"

Then she got up and went to the door to look for him, and Jasper hastily retreated into the dog-kennel. He snugg